

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

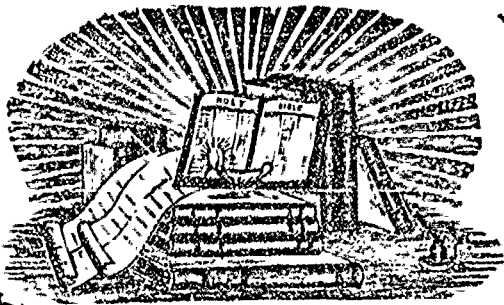
Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

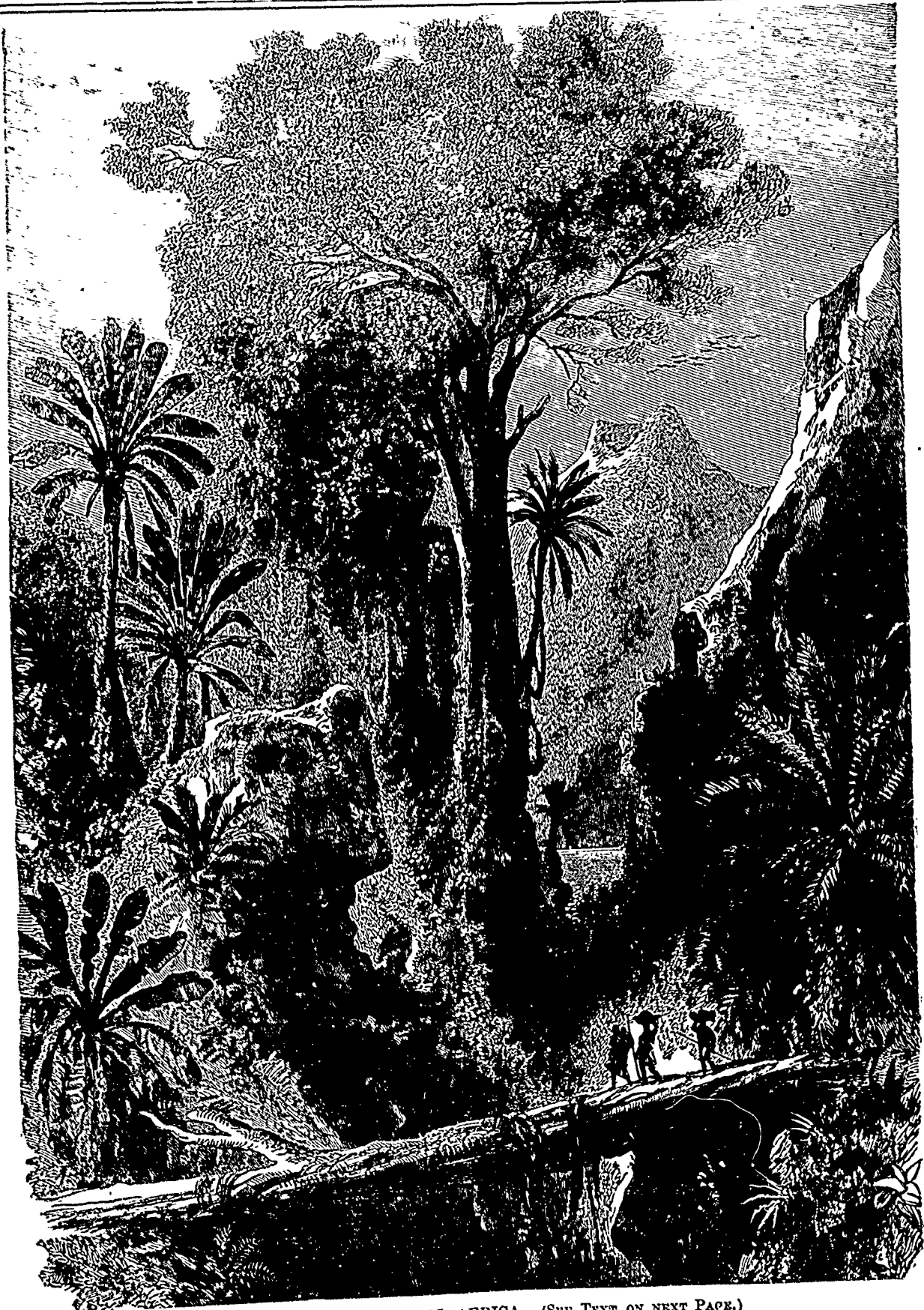
HOME AND SCHOOL.



Vol. III.]

TORONTO OCTOBER 10, 1885.

[No. 21.]



TRAVELLING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.—(SEE TEXT ON NEXT PAGE.)

The Approaching Conflict.

Lo! o'er all the land is bonding low a dark
and threatening cloud;
And the lightning of God's anger, and His
course, as thunders loud,
He directs 'gainst those who traffic in their
neighbours' grief for gain—
Those who sneer at woman's prayers, and
dare smile at childhood's pain.

Once again the truth is calling; once again
appeal is made
To the nation's heart and conscience to
support this new crusade,
And o'erthrow, for once and ever, those who
trade in others' woe;
Those who deal in vice and sorrow, while
the seeds of crime they sow.

God has heard the widows' weeping; He
has seen the children's tears;
And He heeds the cry of anguish and the
prayer of faith He hears.
Unto us He now is speaking, unto us His
voice sounds clear:
"Child of mine," thy duty calleth! I am
with thee: do not fear.

"For the sake of those who suffer, for the
little ones who know
All the bitterest depth of sorrow, forward
to thy duty go!
Fight this evil; thou shalt conquer; and
thy meed of praise shall be,
'As unto the least thou didst it, thou hast
done it unto Me.'"

Thus the voice of God is calling. Shall we
not, each one, reply:
"Lord, behold me! for Thy service ready,
heart and hand, am I.
I am weak, but thou art mighty; in Thy
name I wage this fight;
And I thank Thee for this summons to do
battle for the right."

"Upward still, and onward," brothers!
There's a victory yet to win;
There's a battle still to carry 'gainst the
mustered hosts of sin.
God is with us. He will prosper every
effort made for truth,
And will grant His willing soldiers His best
gift—immortal youth!

In the conflict now beginning 'twixt the
powers of good and ill
There's no time for hesitation; on, right
onward with a will!
Seize the weapons God doth offer—Heaven's
truth and strength and light!
Write this watchword on our banners: "For
our homes, for God and right!"

Travelling in Central Africa.

Our large picture gives an illustration
of the magnificent vegetation and fine
scenery of Central Africa, to which so
much attention is now being directed.
Indeed the very luxuriance of that
vegetation is one of the chief difficulties
in the exploration of the "Dark Conti-
nent." The rank growth of trees and
vines and jungle, makes an almost im-
passable barrier to travel. And the
rapid decay of so much vegetable
matter, under a tropical sun, loads the
air with malarious and pestilential
vapours. In the foreground of the
picture is seen the remarkable natural
bridge across a deep ravine. As all
burdens are borne on the heads of the
natives, such a bridge is more practicable
than if wheeled vehicles were used.
Intense interest is felt in the efforts
made to evangelize these dark places of
the earth. William Taylor, Missionary
"Bishop of Africa," with his heroic
band are now seeking to penetrate from
the malarious western coast to the
healthful high land of the interior.
Henry Stanley, the intrepid discoverer
of Livingstone, has just published a
work of surpassing interest, in two large
volumes (price \$10,) on the Congo
country, and the founding of a free state
therein. Of this book a summary
with numerous illustrations will be
given in the *Canadian Methodist Maga-
zine* for 1886, the comprehensive pro-
gramme of which is now being prepared.

**Reception to the Canada Repre-
sentatives at Chautauqua.**

DR. VINCENT said: There are some
highly prized Canadian friends, loyal
Chautauquans, who come to see us
every season. Last year we held for
them a public reception; the reception
this season will be held at this hour,
and an address of welcome to the Cana-
dian representatives will be delivered
by the Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, of
Chautauqua.

THE REV. JESSE LYMAN HURLBUT.

As I have been sitting upon this plat-
form and looking over this audience to-
night, the thought has been in my mind
which has been in my mind many times
before, that it is only in very recent
times that such a gathering as this has
been possible. A hundred years ago it
would not have been a practicable thing
to gather together, under one roof for
a common purpose, the representatives
of so many Churches and creeds and
states and lands. Yea, as recently as
twenty-four years ago, it would have
been impossible to get together the
people of the different sections of this
our own land, to say nothing about the
representatives of other countries, in
loving and fraternal relations with one
another. We live in an age of brother-
hood; in a time in which people are
thinking a great deal more about those
points on which they unite than on the
barriers that separate them. We see
it in the Churches. The time was when
students in our theological schools re-
garded as of most importance the doc-
trines in which they differ from one
another. We live in a time of frater-
nity, when we consider especially
important those questions, those prin-
ciples, which make us all one.

We are gathered here to-night to ex-
tend the hand of welcome to some who
are as old Chautauquans as any of us.
Indeed it seems to me that while per-
forming this pleasant duty it is almost
like welcoming a part of myself; for,
whenever I have been to Chautauqua
in other seasons they were by my side;
indeed before I was at Chautauqua in
the first year Canada was represented,
and I am sure that it would be more
in keeping for them to welcome me
than for me to welcome them.

A few weeks ago I passed over a
bridge, the iron cables on either side of
which were anchored, the one end in
the United States of America and the
other firmly fastened in the soil of
another country, Canada; and as I
looked out from that bridge I saw on
either side a flag. On one side I
saw flying from the top of a building,
that flag which we on this side of the
line love so well, the stars and stripes.
On the other side of the river I could
see another flag, a banner famed in
history, a banner on which the sun
never goes down. These two flags
stood opposite each other, and it seemed
to me not defiantly or angrily, but
almost as if they looked across the
narrow channel lovingly the one to the
other. And that is the attitude of
these two flags to-day, and that is the
spirit of Chautauqua. We welcome
these good friends from Canada; they
are part of us; we study the same
works; we are the children of one
common Father, and we are interested
in the same things.

It has been my privilege a few
times to visit these Canadians in their
own homes, and I have nowhere found
more diligent students of the Bible,
nowhere found people more enthusiastic

in this common interest, nowhere people
more pronounced in their affection for
Chautauqua and all that Chautauqua
means, and therefore it is with peculiar
pleasure as I think of the friends from
the other side of the St. Lawrence who
are here, and as I think of the friends
from the other side of the St. Lawrence
who have been here in other days,
and of the kind friends and diligent
workers who have never visited us, I
bid those who are here as representatives
of them all, a welcome, and I ask a
blessing for them in the name of this
audience. In the name of Chautauqua
I give them a welcome. (Applause.)

RESPONSE BY THE REV. W. R. PARKER.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentle-
men: Since I came here I have been
practising the sage counsel given in that
admirable address by Dr. Gifford. I
have been keeping myself alone; that
is, as far as my ministerial brethren
and the managers of this Assembly are
concerned. I am pleased that, while
contented to be little and unknown, I
have, not for my own sake, but for the
sake of my country, been called out from
this obscurity to respond to this wel-
come.

A lady said to me to-day when I
remarked that a gentleman who is
prominent in our country—a gentleman
who is on this platform, our General
Superintendent—had arrived: "And he
is from Canada, is he?" "Yes, Ma'am."
"Well, I am glad to think we have
some Canadians among us; we like
them very much." It is a great conso-
lation to us to be not only recognized,
but to be esteemed, and especially by
the American ladies. (Applause.)

In coming before you to-night, while
you have America and New England,
we have Canada and Old England; and
I am proud to say, sir, that we are
bound to the old world by bonds tender
and as gentle as silk, but as strong as
steel; and I believe, sir, had the same
bonds bound your forefathers, there
would not perhaps have been a republic
in this country to-night. But there is
a Providence that shaped the ends of
this grand American continent and it
has given the world the grandest re-
public on which the sun ever shone.
(Applause.) To-night on this platform
there is a representative of the Old Eng-
land part of Canada. While I am, sir,
proud to be to the manner born a Cana-
dian of the Canadians, and I feel grate-
ful that I have the honor to respond for
my country, I am glad to believe, sir, that
we are one—shall I say nationally—we
are one nationally. We, over across
the lake, and across the St. Lawrence,
we are a republican monarchy while
you on this side are a monarchical re-
public. You have here more of your
officers elective than we have, yet we
have some high officials elected; and if
we are to believe what we read during
your presidential campaign you have as
much need as we to guard your elec-
tion. We are one with you on some
of the great questions that stir the
heart of the world to-day. I would say
among other things that we are inter-
ested in the great question of temper-
ance. It is a vital question, and it is
making itself felt in our elections. It
is unwelcome in the halls of legislation,
and while we have not a prohibition
party there are signs in the air. You
have already had a taste of this third
party, but, sir, I believe this: there are
politicians with you and politicians
with us, but the time is coming when
they have got to listen to the ballots of

Canada and America on this great
question of temperance. (Applause.)

We are with you, sir, in your great
sorrows. There are men on our side,
I admit, who may not be recognized as
sympathizing with you in the struggle
of twenty years ago; but, sir, the great
heart, the true heart of Canada beat
loyally with the men who sought to
stamp out African slavery on this con-
tinent. (Applause.) We were with you
in your sorrow when Abraham Lincoln
fell under the assassin's bullet. And
never was that Latin phrase, *Sic semper
tyrannis*, more out of place. It was
the tyranny of slavery that took the
life of one of the grandest men the
world has ever seen—the martyred
Lincoln.

Need I say we were with you in your
sorrow when another grand man, Presi-
dent Garfield, fell also under the bullet
of an assassin, and I need not do more
than remind this audience, that from
the Queen on her throne, whom you
love, and we love and revere—(applause)
—that from the Queen on our throne to
the lowliest cabin and cottage of Eng-
land and of Canada, during the weeks
of President Garfield's suffering, we sat
anxiously by his bedside and listened
to the throbbing of his pulse; that we
read daily the bulletins that told how
he was fighting death, that he might
live for the good of the republic that
had placed him in the presidential chair.
(Applause.)

And need I remind you that when
you placed in the tomb the remains of
the man worthily set alongside of Wash-
ington, first in war, and first in peace,
when you laid away the ashes of Gen-
eral Grant, the man who fought it out
on that line if it took all the year, the
man to whom there was the capitulation
of the enemy, and through whom came
the end of the system that began the
dreadful war—need I say that Canada
sympathized profoundly with you, and
dropped her tears of sorrow over the
coffin of General Grant? (Applause.)
And I believe in my heart that as the
suggestion of Mrs. Grant was acted
upon, and leading generals of the Con-
federate army were invited to act as
pall-bearers for the remains of that
noble man, too large for the North, big
enough for the South, and grand enough
for the whole world in which we live,
that suggestion of Mrs. Grant was
carried out, when alongside the generals
of the Northern army stood the brave
and able man that championed the cause
of the South, I believe that it is true
that act has done more than anything
since the war ended to bring about the
time when there will be no more any
North or South. (Applause.) I believe
that these have done a great deal to
weld our hearts in indissoluble bonds
to yours, for the battles fought, and the
victories won, and the grand men lying
in death, were representative of human-
ity and freedom, and not merely of
American institutions. (Applause.)

We are one with you in the grand
purposes of Chautauqua. I have been
exceedingly pleased with the privilege
of coming here. I have not been per-
haps nominally a Chautauquan, but I
have been in my sympathy, and I have
followed with profound interest your
course of study and plans of work. It
has grown to the dimensions and
accomplished the work of a university
and though some of us who are graduates
of some other universities wonder at
its rapid growth into a university, yet
when I think of the books they are
reading, and the subjects on which

students grind and are being ground, and think how largely the work is spreading, I think it is no presumption on your part to claim to write it among the institutions of this continent as a university.

I understand that Chautauqua means a bag tied in the middle. I think that Canadians and Americans are thus bound together. I am reminded that this high ridge, 700 feet above the lake, is the dividing watershed of the St. Lawrence on the one hand and that of the Mississippi on the other; the waters that start from this lake go down to the Mississippi while the waters of Lake Erie go down over the falls and through the St. Lawrence, one of the grandest rivers on the earth. I believe that from this high latitude, the religious attitude into which this institution has lifted up this place, divine streams of blessing are flowing east and west, north and south, and you are helping to bring about that time coming—for it is the golden fact of divine prediction—when every valley shall be exalted, every mountain and hill made low, and the crooked places made straight, and the glory of the Lord Jesus shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together. (Applause.)

DR MEWEN, OF THE INTERNATIONAL S. S. COM., CANADA.

I wish to speak one or two sentences, Dr. Vincent, in behalf of the Sunday-school teachers of Canada, with whom I stand especially related—in behalf of at least forty thousand teachers. We all appreciate our indebtedness to the United States and to her Sabbath-school workers, and we all appreciate and heartily enter into the progressive movement of Chautauqua from year to year, and on their behalf, and my own, I close with this prayer, that God may multiply them abundantly, and yet more abundantly, in the years that are to come. (Applause.)

REV. DR. WILLIAMS, OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

Mr. President Vincent: I am happy for a minute or two to respond: I am here as a Chautauquan. I went home from this gathering last year to my pastorate and we organized a class of forty members, and I wish every minister here to-night would go home from here when they go and do the same thing. They have been very thorough in their work during the year.

I am just in from a long journey to the Rocky Mountains and back and I am very weary. I hope to be better before I leave this ground, better prepared for an occasion of this kind.

In our country we are striving to do for humanity what you are trying to do here. We want to make our country the beacon of the world, the light of truth and of righteousness, the palladium of liberty. We want to give every man the Gospel and teach him the way of righteousness. We seek to sanctify everything in the building up of our country, and we know that we shall never succeed only as we develop righteousness of character. We are trying to make all our institutions point this way. I believe that Jesus Christ not only redeemed the soul, but the life, and it is the business of the Church to make the life of the world Christ-like. We would seek the sanctification of every endeavour for the lifting up of men everywhere, that the world may be full of light. This is our mission and yours.

Of all the men that come to us from this side, there is none more welcome than the President of this institution. (Applause.) In every place his name is honoured, he has a large place in our prayers, and we petition God for the success of this movement in your country and in ours. (Applause.)

Pluck and Prayer.

"As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also."—James 2, 26.

THERE wa'n't any use o' fretting,
An' I told Obadiah so,
For of we couldn't hold on to things,
We'd jest got to let 'em go.
There were lots of folks that 'd suffer
Along with the rest of us,
An' it didn't seem to be worth our while
To make such a drestle fuss.

To be sure, the barn was 'most empty,
An' corn an' pertators scarce,
An' not much of anything plenty an' cheap
But water,—an' apple sass.
But then—as I told Obadiah—
It wa'n't any use to groan,
For flesh an' blood couldn't stan' it; an' he
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But, laws! of you'd only heard him,
At any hour of the night,
A-prayin' out in that closet there,
I would have set you crazy quite.
I patched the knees of those trousers
With cloth that was noways thin,
But it seemed as if the pieces wore out
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little
Of the thorny way we trod,
But at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God.
Down on his knees in that closet
The most of his time was passed;
For Obadiah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contrary
That of things don't go jest right,
I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high
And gettin' ready to fight.
An' the giants I slow that winter
I ain't goin' to talk about;
An' I didn't even complain to God,
Though I think that He found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle
I druv the wolf from the door,
For I know that we needn't starve to death
Or be lazy because we were poor.
An' Obadiah he wondered,
An' kept me patching his knees,
An' thought it strange how the meal held out,
An', stranger, we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers,
"God knows where His gifts descends;
An' 'tisn't always that faith gits down
As far as the finger ends."
An' I wouldn't have no one reckon
My Obadiah a shirk,
For some, you know, have the gift to pray,
And others the gift to work.

Honest Dogs.

It is related by Professor Bell that, when a friend of his was travelling abroad, he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he proposed making. He departed from his lodgings, leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined, he took out his purse to pay, and found that he had lost a gold coin from it. On returning home in the evening, his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very ill, as they could not induce it to eat anything. He went at once to look at his favourite; and, as soon as he entered the room, the faithful creature ran to him, deposited the missing coin at his feet, and then devoured the food placed for it with great eagerness. The truth was that the gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning. The dog had picked it up, and kept it in his mouth, fearing to eat, lest it should lose its master's property before an opportunity offered to restore it.

Anecdotes of this character are innumerable, as are also those of dogs reclaiming property belonging, or which has belonged, to their owners. Sir Patrick Walker furnishes a most valuable instance of this propensity in our canine cousins. A farmer having sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him his dog to drive them home, a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end, and tell it to go home.

The drover found the dog so useful that he resolved to steal it, and, instead of sending it back, looked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently deeming the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that had belonged to its master, and, to that person's intense astonishment, drove the whole flock home again!

Dogs are not only honest in themselves, but will not permit others to be dishonest. The late Grantley Berkeley was wont to tell of his two deerhounds, "Smoker" and Smoker's son, "Shark," a curiously suggestive instance of paternal discipline. The two dogs were left alone in a room where luncheon was laid out. Smoker's integrity was invincible, but his son had not yet learned to resist temptation. Through the window Mr. Berkeley noticed Shark, anxiously watched by its father, steal a cold tongue, and drag it to the floor. "No sooner had he done so," says his master, "than the offended sire rushed upon him, rolled him over, beat him, and took away the tongue," after which Smoker retired gravely to the fireside.—*Chambers' Journal*.

"Considering."

"EVELYN, what did you do with your old, dark blue cashmere, I have not seen you have it on this winter?"

"Let me see—" reflected pretty Miss Evelyn, who was at that moment buttoning on a stylish brown cloth suit, the third or fourth new dress she had acquired this winter. "Let me see; I think I gave it to Bridget, our housemaid; avaricious old thing, I can't think why she wanted it, for I assure you she has about two dozen dresses already, put away in various trunks and boxes, which she never wears. But she asked me for it, and as I didn't know what to do with it, I told her to take it, of course."

"Oh, I am so sorry," sighed her friend.

"Sorry?" cried Evelyn, opening her brown eyes so wide it suddenly struck her, in the glass, that they just matched her brown suit, "Sorry? why, Virginia, what do you mean? Are you going into the rag carpet business?"

"No," said Miss Virginia Shipley, with only a faint smile; "but I have just got poor Mrs. Bailey's oldest daughter a place in a store, and she really hasn't a decent dress to appear in. I've been quite counting on your old blue, knowing, you extravagant girl, how nice your cast-offs always are."

The gaiety instantly faded out of Evelyn's face; and down under her fine clothes her heart sank. For it was a Christian heart, one that loved her Lord, though the riches and pleasures of this world were doing all they could to choke out of it the generous thought for others that belongs to Christian birthright.

She knew all about the Baileys; and only yesterday, this very girl had

brought home some dog, and told her how good Miss Virginia had been in getting her the place.

No doubt she was shabbily dressed, but careless Evelyn had not thought of it; had paid her promptly the money due and let her go away. Oh, how ugly and unworthy she felt herself, standing there in her fine attire beside that plainly-dressed friend, whose days were full of such sweet helpfulness.

Meantime, Miss Virginia, having dismissed from her mind the hope of the blue cashmere, had turned to Evelyn's table and opened a magazine to amuse herself during the latter's protracted dressing. When she looked up from a page that interested her, she was surprised to see her friend sitting on the bed, with an expression of self-reproach clouding her pretty face.

"Why, Evelyn," she cried, "are you ready—no, you haven't your gloves on; what's the matter, dear?"

"Oh, Jonny! I'm so ashamed of my carelessness and thoughtlessness."

"What, about the blue dress? Never mind, I'll make some arrangement for Maggie's getting a dress; and how could you know she wanted it?"

"How could I know? How did you know? How does anybody know except by making a business of it, a thing I have never done. I have contented myself by giving when people asked me for things, or when I happened to hear of somebody in need, or when the plate came round in church; but I never set about looking for people who need my help. It won't matter to the Bailey child; she shall have the dark green flannel with brass buttons (don't say a word, Jenny, I don't care if I have only worn it a few times, so much the better); but it makes me sick to think how many opportunities I must have wasted.

"I wonder," she went on comically, drawing on her many buttoned gloves, "if I should have the old blue dress photographed and hung up here in my room, if it would remind me to be on the lookout for ways of helping people?"

"Come," said Miss Virginia, rising with a bright smile on her face, "I can find you something that will answer better than that."

When Evelyn came home in the dusk, she brought back, along with the fresh roses in her cheeks, fresh purposes in her warm young heart; and lighting her gas she carefully fastened in one corner of her mirror a daintily illuminated card, bearing the text, "BLESSED IS HE THAT CONSIDERETH THE POOR."

Wet Clothing.

PROF. TYNDALL in a recent lecture on electricity, produced the clothes of a man who was taking refuge under a tree when it was struck by lightning. It was a foolish thing, he observed, to go under a tree during an electric storm, unless a person stood at some distance from the trunk. In this particular case, however, the man's clothes were very wet, and though they were very much torn, they formed a sufficiently good conductor for the lightning, and he escaped with his life. Had his raiment been dry he would inevitably have been killed. Producing the man's boots, the lecturer pointed out that the uppers were torn to pieces by the electric fluid in its anxiety to reach the earth; but the sole, into the construction of which iron largely entered in the shape of hob-nails, formed a good conductor and was not hurt.

October.

THE beautiful summer is loth to go,
Its heart is warm and it loves us so,
That it cannot utter its last farewell,
Until it has lingered its love to tell;
But the world it has cherished and cared for
Is listening now for its parting song.

Never before were its gifts more bright,
The sunflower lifts its face to the light,
The dahlias are raising their snowy heads,
And the colours are gay in the garden beds,
While the roses are trying to stay till the
last,
Yet the glory of summer must soon be past.

Very fair is the woodland scene,
With the bronze and scarlet, the gold and
green,
With the drooping fern, and the bracken
call;
But the fading leaves are beginning to fall,
And the swallows have gathered to take their
flight,
To the longer day and the shorter night.

The summer has kept its promises made,
When the year was young; so, undismayed,
We may face the autumn, for goodly store
Of harvest blessings go on before,
And homes are vocal, and thankful praise,
Shall fill the air in October days.

So we bid the summer a glad farewell:
As a friend it has loved and served us well,
But this is a world in which none may keep
The brightest long, yet we do not weep,
For the Lord of the seasons will give us the
best,
And every month has its joy and rest.

—Marianne Farningham.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	22 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated	2 00
Magazine and Guardian, together	8 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Boreas Leaf Quarterly—per year	0 08
Quarterly Review Series. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 3c. a dozen; 50c. per hundred.	
Home & School, 8 pp. 4to, semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Boreas Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month.	5 50
Tunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 20 copies	0 15

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto.

O. W. COATES, 8 Blouery Street, Montreal. | S. F. HUESTIS, Methodist Book Room
Hallfax.

Home & School:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. - Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 10, 1885.

The C. L. S. O.

THE HOME COLLEGE FOR EVERYBODY.

I.

Is it too late for you to go to college
(are you too old, or too poor, or too
busy)? Would you like to enter college
with a four years' course of study, em-
bracing a broad view of history, litera-
ture, art, science, man and life?

Would you like to belong to the class
of '89, study its text books, observe its
"Memorial Days," and in 1889 receive
a diploma?

Would you like to turn mature
years, middle life, and old age into
youth again?

Would you like to turn street, sit-
ting room, parlour, shop, railway car,
market, kitchen, seaside, and forest
into recitation rooms?

Would you like to be enrolled as
students in the great university of self-
culture, in the archives of which such
names are found as William Shake-
speare, Washington Irving, Horace

Greeley, Hugh Miller, Michael Fara-
day, Herbert Spencer, Dr. Edward
Hitchcock, and scores of other dis-
tinguished men who, although they
never enjoyed college opportunity,
turned the spare minutes of every day
life into a "college" of their own?

II.

The "C. L. S. O." (Chautauqua
Literary and Scientific Circle) is a
school at home—a school after school—
a "college" for one's own house.

It is for busy people who left school
years ago, and who desire to pursue
some systematic course of instruction.

It is for high school and college
graduates, for people who never entered
either high school or college, for mer-
chants, mechanics, apprentices, mothers,
busy house-keepers, farmer boys, shop
girls, and for people of leisure and
wealth who do not know what to do
with their time.

Many college graduates, ministers,
lawyers, physicians, and accomplished
ladies are taking the course. They find
the required books entertaining and use-
ful, giving them a pleasant review of
studies long ago laid aside. Several of
our members are over eighty years of
age; very few are under eighteen.

More than sixty thousand names are
enrolled in this so-called "People's Uni-
versity." Although not a university at
all, it has put educational influence,
atmosphere, and ambition into the
homes of the people which will lead
many thousands of youth to seek the
education which colleges and universi-
ties supply.

It is an easy thing to join the "C. L.
S. O." No preliminary examination is
required; indeed, no examination is re-
quired at any time. Members are ex-
pected to fill out certain simple memor-
anda year after year, and forward them
to the central office of the C. L. S. O.
at Plainfield, N. J. But this is no
task at all. A careful reading of the
books and of the "Required Readings"
in *The Chautauquan* is all that is neces-
sary in order to graduate. *The Chau-
tauquan*, which contains about one-half
of the "Required Readings" of the C.
L. S. O., is the organ of the C. L. S. O.,
and is published by Dr. T. L. Flood,
Meadville, Pa.; price \$1.50 per annum.

Persons may join the C. L. S. O. for
one year. A full course requires four
years, and even after graduation one
may continue to read on and add seals
for many years to the diploma which
he receives at the end of the first four
years.

The course embraces simple, enter-
taining, and instructive reading in an-
cient and modern history and literature,
in physical, mental, and moral science,
and in all matters that pertain to a true
life—physical, intellectual, industrial,
domestic, social, political, and religious.
It is unsectarian and unsectional, pro-
moting good fellowship and fraternity,
inspiring help to the home, the Church,
and the State. All are alike welcome
to its fellowship.

The C. L. S. O. has the spirit of de-
lightful fellowship that belongs to the
college; its "mottos," "songs," "me-
morial days," "vesper services," "di-
plomas," "commencement days," public
"recognitions," "seals," "badges," "class
gatherings," "alumni reunions," etc.,
give to it a peculiar charm and kindle
enthusiasm among its members.

The C. L. S. O. has received the
heartly endorsement of William Cullen
Bryant, Bishop Simpson, Dr. Mark
Hopkins, President Seelye, of Amherst,

Dr. Lyman Abbott, and other
leading educators of America.

For information concerning
this noble educational enter-
prise, address:

Dr. J. H. Vincent, Plain-
field, N. J.; or, L. C. Peake,
Box 2559, Toronto.

III.

The course for 1885-6, which
is the course taken for that
year by all members of the C.
L. S. O. of whatever class, is
as follows:

HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

Barnes' History of Rome, \$1.10;
Chautauqua Text-Book of Roman His-
tory, 12c.; Preparatory Latin Course
in English, W. C. Wilkinson, \$1.10;
College Latin Course in English, \$1.10;
A Picture of Roman Life, 60c. Read-
ings in *The Chautauquan*: "Wars and
Rumors of Wars To-day;" "Relations
of Rome to Modern History;" "Modern
Italy;" "Italian Biography;" "The
Age we Live In."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE AND ART.

Political Economy, Dr. George M.
Steele, 70 cents; Studies in Human
Nature, Dr. Lyman Abbott, 25 cents;
Readings in *The Chautauquan*: "Elec-
tricity—Past, Present and Future;"
"Home Studies in Physical Geography;"
"Philosophy Made Simple," Dr. W. T.
Harris; "Moral Philosophy;" "Mathe-
matics;" "Art;" "Parliamentary Prac-
tice;" "International Law."

GENERAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Pomegranates from an English Garden
—select poems of Robert Browning,
60 cents; The Bible and the Nineteenth
Century, Dr. L. T. Townsend, 35 cents;
In His Name, Edward Everett Hale,
35 cents; Readings in *The Chau-
tauquan*: "Religion in Art;" "God in
History;" "How to Live," E. E. Hale;
Sunday Readings.

MEMBERSHIP FEE.

To defray expenses of correspondence,
memoranda, etc., an annual fee of fifty
cents is required. The amount should
be forwarded to Miss K. F. Kimball,
Plainfield, N. J., by New York or
Philadelphia draft, Post-office order, or
postal note on Plainfield, N. J. Do
not send postage-stamps if you can
possibly avoid it.

Canadian members may forward their
fee (by P.O. order if possible,) to L. C.
Peake, Drawer 2559, Toronto, Canada.

N. B.—In sending your fee, be sure
to state to which class you belong,
whether 1886, 1887, 1888, or 1889.

Rev. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, will send
the entire set of books for \$6.00.

Canadian Methodist Magazine
for September.

THE illustrated articles of this num-
ber are: "Through the Virginias," by
the Editor. A popular and pleasing
account of Chaucer, the "Father of
English Poetry," by Prof. Reynar, of
Victoria University, with portrait and
other engravings; and "The Cruise of
the Challenger in Japanese Waters,"
Dr. Carman, one of the General Superin-
tendents of the Methodist Church, con-
tributes a striking paper on "New-
foundland from Ship and Rail-car." He
gives a graphic account of the
magnificent scenery and rich resources
of the country, sketches its Governmental
system, its commercial and social con-



FORT TICONDEROGA.

dition, and the progress of Methodism.
Dr. Dallinger's famous lecture, given
in Montreal last year, is published, and
is worthy of the scientific reputation
and eloquence of the distinguished
lecturer. "Peggy's Haven," a touch-
ing story of London life, and other
articles, religious intelligence, book
notices, etc., make up an admirable
number.

O. L. S. O. Notes.

PROMOTE as an object of primary im-
portance institutions for the general
diffusion of knowledge. In proportion
as the structure of a government gives
force to public opinion it should be en-
lightened.—*Washington*.

And without letters what is life?
—*Erasmus*.

There is no reason why the brown
hand of labour should not hold Thom-
son as well as the sickle. Ornamental
reading often shelters, and even
strengthens, the growth of what is
morally useful. A corn-field never re-
turns a poorer crop because a few wild
flowers bloom in the hedge. The re-
finement of the poor is the triumph
of Christian civilization.—*Willmott*.

The best and most important part of
every man's education is that which he
gives himself.—*Gibbon*.

Other occupations are not suited to
every time, nor to every age or place;
but these studies [literary] are the food
of youth, the delight of old age; the
ornament of prosperity; the refuge and
comfort of adversity; a delight at home,
and no hinderance abroad; they are
companions by night, and in travel,
and in the country.—*Cicero*.

A good book is the precious life-blood
of a master-spirit, embalmed and
treasured up on purpose to a life be-
yond life.—*Milton*.

Resolve to edge in actual reading
every day, if it is but a single sentence.
If you gain fifteen minutes a day it
will make itself felt at the end of the
year.—*Horace Mann*.

There is a gentle, but perfectly irre-
sistible coercion in the habit of reading,
well directed, forming the whole tenor
of a man's character and conduct, which
is not the less effectual because it works
insensibly, and because it is really the
last thing he dreams of.—*Sir John
Herschel*.

Whatever expands the affections or
enlarges the sphere of our sympathies,
whatever makes us feel our relation-
ship to the universe and all that it in-
herits in time and in eternity, to the
great and beneficent Cause of all, must
unquestionably refine our nature and
elevate us in the scale of being.—*Char-
ning*.

THE money spent for liquor in any
city would pay all the municipal ex-
penses, and give every citizen two good
suits of clothes a year.

Au Sable Chasm and Ticonderoga.
BY THE EDITOR.

A VISIT to both these interesting places can easily be made in one short trip. This trip I found so enjoyable that I would like to share, as far as

At Fort Kent, a hundred miles from Montreal, one leaves the rail for Au Sable Chasm, which is three miles distant. A stage was waiting, but I preferred the walk over a good plank road. As I climbed the hill, ever wider views of Lake Champlain, with

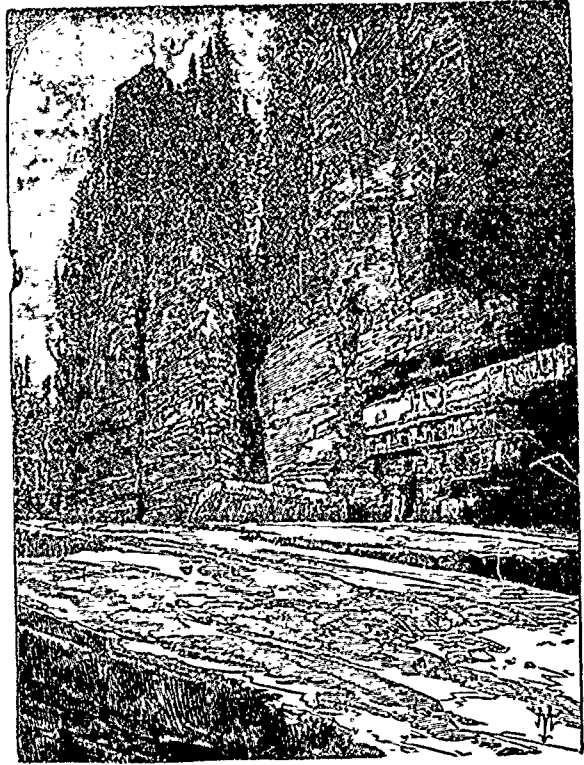
seclusion from the world is experienced—a feeling almost as if, like the Tuscan bard and his shadowy guide, we were traversing some weird region of the under world.

The cyclopean architecture of the cliffs assumes all sorts of fantastic

age after age—"in solitude eternal, wrapped in contemplation drear." At its base the broad, smooth platform of rock is washed clean by the spring floods which sweep through the Chasm. A safe pathway has been cut along the base of the cliff, bridges thrown across



RAINBOW FALLS.



SENTINEL ROCKS.

possible, its pleasure with the readers of HOME AND SCHOOL.

Leaving Montreal in the morning, I soon reached Lake Champlain, and skirted its western shore on the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Railway, which extends direct from Rouse's Point to Albany, with many branches on either side. This beautiful lake is haunted with storied memories of the most heroic character. Its very name recalls the brave chevalier who, first of white men, gazed upon its

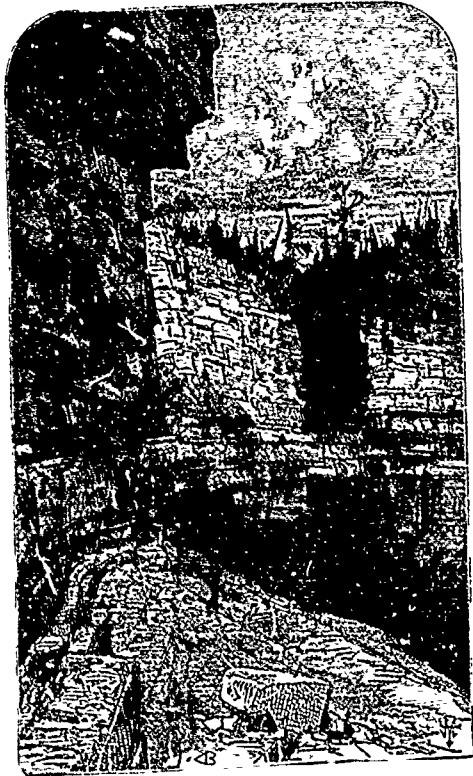
its engirdling mountains, burst upon the view. Almost before one is aware of it, he stands on the banks of the Au Sable Chasm, a deep canyon, worn in the lapse of countless ages by the Au Sable River. We first descend a flight of nearly two hundred steps to the bed of the river. On either side rise perpendicular rocky walls. The river plunges into the Chasm over the Birmingham and Horse Shoe Falls—the former seventy feet in height, the latter not so high. The Chasm extends

forms, and receives such descriptive names as the Pyramid, the Balcony, Pulpit Rock, the Sentinel, and Cathedral Rocks. The latter are huge buttressed crags, which jut out into the stream, and which may well suggest thoughts of some vast cathedral's ruined towers and aisles.

Table Rock overhangs the narrow pass in a manner which makes nervous people fear that it will topple down and crush them. But nothing less than an earthquake, apparently, could dislocate

the chasm, and boats provided whereby the most delicate may make the trip without fatigue.

The boat ride down the Grand Flume is the great event of the visit to Au Sable. Here the river is compressed into a narrow channel, in one place only ten feet wide. The sky looks like a rift of blue a hundred and seventy-five feet overhead. The dark waters are sixty feet in depth. The current sweeps along with terrific energy. One can scarcely shake off the strange notion



THE FLUME.



CATHEDRAL ROCKS.

fair expanse. For two hundred years it was the gateway of Canada, by which hostile invasion of red men or white penetrated our country.

about two miles, between rocky and overhanging cliffs, a hundred feet and more in height, and only a few yards apart. A strange feeling of utter

the solid strata of which it is formed. Sentinel Rock stands out in lonely grandeur, like the stern warder of the gloomy pass, keeping his ceaseless watch

that he is sailing up hill—an illusion produced by the slope of the strata, which though seemingly horizontal, dip sharply beneath the waves.

At the lower part of the gorge are arrowy rapids, where the waters are lashed to fury and seem determined to swallow up the adventurous tourists who dare to invade their ancient and solitary domain. But the barge, skilfully steered, bounds over their crest and glides swiftly down into the calm water below. The tortured stream seems glad to emerge from its gloomy prison into the glorious sunlight, and glides on its way to blend its sandy tribute, derived from the disintegration of the rocks, to the waters of Lake Champlain. This is the feature which has unquestionably given it its name, Au Sable—"River of Sand."

Having climbed again the cliff, I lay long upon the bank, gazing at the inky waters, flecked with snowy foam bells, gliding darkly in the shadows of the mighty cliffs. Madame Pfeiffer, the famous Swedish traveller, describes the Chasm as well worth a journey across the ocean to see. It has been compared to the wonderful gorge of the Trient, in Switzerland; but is, I think, much more beautiful.

The tourist to the Au Sable Chasm will find the comforts of a home, and that "warmest welcome" of which Ben Jonson writes, at the Lake View House, a first-class hotel under the experienced management of Mr. Bard-sall. Here I spent a quiet Sabbath, attending the Methodist service in the neighbouring village. From the pavilion is gained a superb view of the Falls and Chasm near at hand; of the broad sweep of Lake Champlain, where the stately steamers and white-winged vessels glide, swan-like, among the islands; and in the distance Old White-face, Jay Peak, and the hoary brotherhood of the Adirondacks and White Mountains climb the skies and melt softly away in the ethereal blue.

As I walked back to the landing, the snow-crowned crest of Mount Mansfield, beyond Lake Champlain, gleamed like pale gold in the afternoon light, as I have seen the Alps from the tower of St. Mark's, at Venice. Then it flushed to rosy red, and faded to ashen gray and spectral white as the dusk of twilight deepened. The railway along the shore of the lake is here a piece of grand engineering. It runs on a narrow ledge hewn out of the rock, giving most picturesque views of the many bays and capes below, and of the towering cliffs above.

TICONDEROGA.

I had to forego a visit to Fort Crown Point, that I might more fully explore the more interesting ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, or Old Ti, as the natives call it. This fort was situated on a tongue of land commanding the pass between Lakes George and Champlain, and was long the stern warder of the gateway of Canada. Nowhere on the continent have such desperate battles been fought as here, except during the late American civil war.

The fort and field-works embraced a vast area. The military lines, it is said, extended for miles. The ruins are still very extensive, although they have been used for a hundred years as a quarry for building material. A star-shaped redan rises abruptly from the waves, its deep moat, broad glacis, massive masonry, curtains, and demilunes, all clearly traceable. The remains of great stone barracks still "stand four square to all the winds that blow." They resemble in construction the oldest buildings in Quebec and Montreal,

with steep gables, thick walls and empty windows, which look like the eyeless sockets of a skull. The great fireplace, around which gathered the gallant cavaliers of France, and roared their marching songs and told their tales of Ramillies and Malplaquet, was empty and cold. While I explored the ruins, a timid sheep showed its face at the door, and the bleat of lambs, instead of the sound of war, was heard. It is easy to re-people in fancy this crumbling ruin with the ghosts of the dead warriors who assailed or defended its walls, or dyed with their blood its gory slopes. Upon this very scene, through these crumbling windows, gazed the eyes of Montcalm and Bourlemaque, and from yonder height the gallant Howe, whose grave is in Westminster Abbey, and Abercrombie and Amherst, scanned with eager interest the scene.

Then when the lifted flag of France has given place to the red cross of St. George, other scenes come up. The blazing light of the barrack fire gleams on the sombre uniform of the famous "Black Watch," on the tartan plaid of the Highland clansman, on the frieze coat and Brown Bess of the colonial militiaman, on the red skin and hideous war-paint of the Indian scout. In the corner is heard the crooning of the Scottish pipes, as an old piper plays the sad sweet air of "Annie Laurie," or "Bonnie Doon," or "Auld Lang Syne." And now a red-coated guardsman trolls a merry marching song:—

"Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander and such great names as these;
But of all the world's great heroes
There are none that can compare
With a tow-row-row-row-row-row-row,
To the British Grenadiers."

In another corner an old veteran is reading his well-thumbed Bible, while around him others are shuffling a pack of greasy cards and filling the air with reeking tobacco smoke and strange soldiers' oaths.

Again is heard the quick challenge and reply, the bugle-call, the roll of drums, the sharp rattle of musketry, the deep and deadly thunder of the cannonade. From the throats of the great guns leap forth the fell death-bolts of war. The fierce shells scream through the air. The gunners stand to their pieces, though an iron hail is crashing all round them.

"Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?"

But all now is peaceful and silent. The lamb crops the herbage on the once gory slope—the blue-bird makes her nest in the cannon's mouth. Great trees have grown up inside the fort, and their sinewy roots have overturned its massy walls. The eternal bastions of nature mock the puny structures of man, and on the surface of the primeval rock may be traced the grooves and striae made by the sea of ice in the old years before the flood.

I clambered down into a crumbling vault, and found it a large arched, and once bomb proof, magazine with lateral chambers which were too dark to be explored. On the walls of the old fort some mercenary wretch had painted in huge letters the words, "Use Rising Sun Stove Polish." Such vandalism degrades the national character.

I climbed to the top of Mount Defiance, nearly a thousand feet above

the lake, to the spot where Burgoyne shelled the fort, which lay beneath. For sixty miles Lake Champlain and its winding shores lay spread out like a map, and on the opposite slope of the hill the lovely Lake George—the French *Lac St. Sacrement*, the Indian *Horicon*, the scene of many a bloody fight—like a sapphire in its setting of emerald, lay guarded by its engirdling hills. There are few such historic outlooks on the continent or in the world.

Again taking the D. and H. Canal Company's train, I hastened on through charming landscapes and over historic ground through to Saratoga and Albany, next to Jamestown, the earliest settlement in the original thirteen colonies. The glory of Albany is the new Capitol, one of the largest and noblest buildings in the world. It is even more noble within than without. The Senate Chamber is richer than that of Venice in its golden prime. Its walls are of carved mahogany, of Mexican onyx, and of stamped and gilt leather. The grand staircase, for majestic effect, I have never seen equalled. But the building has cost enough to be splendid. Begun on an appropriation of \$1,000,000, \$14,000,000 have already been expended, and it is said that \$7,000,000 more will be required to complete it.

Life and Death.

"WHAT is Life, father?"
"A Battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail,
Where the warriest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail,
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day or night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, father?"
"The rest, my child,
When the strife and toil are o'er;
The angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who, driving away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease;
Takes banner and spear from our failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, father! I tremble, and fear
To yield in that terrible strife!"
"The crown must be won for heaven, dear,
In the battle-field of life;
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;
The angels of heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all!"

—Adelaide Anne Proctor.

The Duty of the Hour.

FELLOW-CITIZENS! Electors of Canada! Men, upon whom the nations look to-day as the pioneers in the march of social progress and moral reform; whose country's name, in the dark days gone by, was the very watchword of those who would flee the stinging scourge of slavery and the galling fetters of despotism; whose beardless boys with hearts of patriotic fire leaped only yesterday to the battle front, and fearlessly offered their lives in defence of their country's homes at the first cry of help from those in peril and distress! Sons of the heroism that manfully hewed itself a home in the forest wilds, and that guards with sleepless love and pride the national life that has come to that hard-earned home! What have you to say as the awful beer-curse, that has trampled under the strength and purity of other nationalities now dares to menace our own young country's peace, and seeks to fasten upon us the cruel tyranny of its relentless selfishness and avarice? The Beer-Power is fighting

for the mastery of Canada to-day. It is rallying in its support every agency that can be flattered or bribed into giving it aid. Learning and Social Position have stepped down from their pedestal to ally themselves with ignorance and insolence stamping the country in its effort to stay the rising tide of moral sentiment and force the cursing liquor traffic upon a suffering community. The battle is upon us, and it is a battle to the death. It is a struggle between the beer-barrel and the home; between lust for money and moral principle, and upon you lies the responsibility of deciding where the victory shall rest.—*Canada Citizen.*

Through Darkness unto Light.

We are toiling through the darkness, but
our eyes behold the light,
That is mounting up the eastern sky and
beating back the night;
Soon with joy we'll hail the morning when
our Lord shall come in might,
His truth is marching on!

He will come in glorious majesty to sweep
away all wrong,
To heal the broken-hearted, and to make
His people strong;
He will teach our souls His righteousness,
our hearts a glad new song,
Our God is marching on!

We long have had His promise that His
people should be free,
And His word has ne'er been broken yet, nor
will it ever be!
If we but prove our loyalty, His glory we
shall see;
For God is marching on!

He is calling on His people to be faithful,
prompt, and brave;
To lift again the fallen, and to help from sin
to save;
To give themselves for others, as Himself
for them He gave,
His voice is calling now!

Then let us fight 'gainst evil with our faces
turned toward light,
God seeth through the darkness and watch-
eth o'er the fight,
His joy will be our recompense, His triumph
crown the right,
Our God is marching on!
—National Temperance Advocate.

Death at a Welcome.

MR. JAMES F. LYON, a deacon of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, during an address of welcome to Rev. Dr. Thomas, who the other evening was being greeted by his congregation on his return from a visit to Europe, spoke of the hearty reception which little children extend to their parents. He pictured the demonstrations of joy shown even by the prattler who cannot speak, and perhaps is not able to walk. He expressed the hope that all present would meet in Heaven. He quoted the text so full of meaning, "Whosoever loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." He then paused, leaned against a table for an instant, then fell forward over the platform and down to the floor. Immediately nearly every person in the room rushed towards the prostrate man. Dr. Buchan, who occupied the chair, and Dr. Robinson, who also was present, could do nothing to save him, and on examination found that he had died from heart disease. It is a good way to die—in the service of the Master.

MOODY AND SANKEY'S hymns have been translated into Chinese, as also the International Sunday-school Lessons.

A WORLD without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, like a summer without flowers, and like a homestead without a garden.

The Best.

"I am tired of making the best of things,"
She said with a little sigh;
Of smoothing the hard, rough places,
And straightening things awry.

"Of taking the snarled and broken ends,
Of many a worry and pain,
And trying to make from the tangled threads,
A beautiful, even skein.

"I wish just once, for a little while,
I could stop the struggle and strife,
And have for my own, a great broad piece
From the very best of life.

"A piece all fresh and beautiful,
Not saddened like the rest;
That I need not make, because it was
Already, the very best.

"Just once I would feel it through and
through
With all the joy it brings,
And then more willingly I'd go back,
To make the best of things."

We thought of her words as we folded
Her patient hands in their rest,
And said in low broken voices—
"Dear heart, she has found the best!"
—Bessie Chandler.

Band Work.

THIS remarkable work under the labours of the Rev. D. Savag has attracted much attention. From the August No. of the *Expositor of Holiness* we take the following account of it:

"The Band movement in the western part of Ontario grew out of a powerful revival of religion experienced in the town of Petrolia during the winter of 1884. While far from endorsing indiscriminately all the methods of the Salvation Army, it is only due to that organization to say, that their first few weeks of labour in Petrolia, in association with the labour of other Christian people of the place, in a wonderful spiritual awakening through the entire community. Hundreds were brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. It was an unmistakable work of the Holy Spirit. And one proof of this, among many others, was a deep and somewhat general interest in the subject of entire holiness, with an earnest desire on the part of many to enter into the experience of this grace. Hungering and thirsting after righteousness, many, very many, were 'filled,' 'filled with all the fulness of God.' It was a time of great rejoicing. The services of the sanctuary were 'seasons of grace and sweet delight.' Full of zeal for God and love for perishing sinners, the people of my charge were yearning for increased facilities to give expression to their longings for souls.

"Just at this juncture, and as I was looking for God's guidance with an impression upon my spirit that some new door of usefulness was about to be opened, I met a notice over the signature of the Rev. J. B. Clarkson, of Belleville, of the organization in that city of what was called a 'Hallelujah Band.' This was under circumstances very similar to our own in Petrolia. Immediately following Bro. Clarkson's statement, and in the same column of the *Christian Guardian*, was a letter from the Rev. W. Young, of Trenton, giving a most thrilling account of the visit of the Belleville Band to Trenton, and its wonderful results. I took this as a Divine intimation for myself and for Petrolia. Not conferring with flesh and blood, I announced on the following Sabbath my intention to organize a similar Band. The conditions of membership were, 1. The experience of conscious salvation. 2. Consecration to God and His work. 3. Above the

ago of fourteen. 4. Abstinence from tobacco and intoxicants. 5. Willingness to bear testimony for Christ on any fitting occasion. 6. To be under the direction of the 'Band' leader for service at any point and at any time, circumstances permitting.

"I was astonished at the response. Some sixty enrolled themselves for membership the first day. The announcement was made at the Sabbath morning service, and the Band was organized at the close of that service. I appointed myself leader of the Band, with Brother John Murdoch as my assistant. At night we held our first public service, after preaching. Some eleven souls professed conversion at that service. It was a day that will never be forgotten in Petrolia.

"The following week, by consent of the Marlborough minister, a strong contingent of the new organization went out from night to night, some three miles, to hold services in the Methodist church there. The effort was tentative. Our work was hardly well in hand, still God gave us a number of souls that week.

"Then, by invitation of the Rev. G. J. Kerr, our minister at Brigden, we went to that village, some eleven miles away, for our second campaign. Here God gave us over a hundred souls in about ten days. The mighty power of God led us on, enjoying the hearty sympathetic co-operation of many of our ministers, and indeed of Christian ministers and people of other communities as well. In each succeeding number of this Magazine I propose to give reminiscences of our work in the West during the sixteen months of its history.

"DAVID SAVAGE."

I Will not Question his Intent.

SHALL not the Lord of all the earth
In everything do right?
Why should I question His intent
Whether He loves or smites?

His love and power are infinite,
And marvellous His skill;
A single atom cannot fall
Without His sovereign will.

Safe in the sunshine of His grace
The whole creation moves,
Better than we can love ourselves
The Lord His creatures loves.

I see but little of His plans,
And cannot know what's best;
I'll take His precious promises
And trust Him for the rest.
—Mrs. Annie Willenmey.

The Prayer in the Deep Canon.

NOR quite twenty years since, three men, Baker, Strole and White, were searching the river-beds in Colorado for gold. The rivers there are different from other rivers in the country. They do not run between green banks, with trees or corn-fields on either side, and so near that we can always see them and, if we wish, wade in them. They run deep down, hundreds, in some places thousands, of feet out of sight, between great walls of rock. Imagine a range of mountains split lengthways from their ridge to the root, and a river flowing far down at the very bottom of the split, and tumbling over precipices and rushing in wild through the darkness. That is how the rivers of Colorado flow.

One morning the three men I have named, having slept over night at the entrance to one of these slits, which in that country are called canons, were coming up the steep sides of the canon to continue their search for gold. As they came near the surface the wild war-whoop of the Indians burst on their ears, and at the same time a shower of arrows and bullets fell on them. Baker was hit, and, as it turned out, so sorely that he died. And as he was captain, he cried to the other two to escape for their lives. But they were loyal men and stood by their dying captain, facing the cruel savages and beating them back, until the last quiver of his strong body told them he was dead. Then they fled back and down the canon or deep slit in the rocks through which the river ran. And thither the Indians were afraid to follow.

At a bend of a river they found some drift-wood, plenty and strong enough to make a raft. And with ropes and horse-harness they had they made a raft, and tying a bag of provisions to it, they launched into the unknown stream. Never raft sailed on that stream before. As they went on the darkness became nearly as great as that of a tunnel; only, far up, they could see a thin line of blue sky, over which for one short half-hour in the day the sunlight passed. Then night came and there was total darkness. Higher and higher rose the walls on either side as they sailed further on. At one place they reached the height of a mile. Meanwhile the little raft sped on, but on a terrible voyage. The turns in the river were frequent, and the falls and whirlpools terrible. The men clung to the raft for dear life, the one keeping it from bumping against the sides, the other guiding it with a pole.

Only the night before their captain had told them at the foot of the canon, if it could be reached, was a village called Caville. And the hope of the two men was that they might arrive there before long. But one day passed, another, a third, a fourth, in the terrible darkness, on the terrible stream, and Caville was not reached. On the fourth day, as the raft was caught by the rushing stream and dashed around a sharp bend in the canon, it went to pieces, and Strole, trying to guide it with his pole, was tossed into the roaring whirl of waters, gave a loud shriek, and was seen no more.

White was now alone and with a broken raft. A feeling of despair and terror came over him; he wished he had Baker in the fight. The Indians as Baker had done. He felt the temptation to throw himself into the scething waters and end his sorrows where Strole's had ended. But the good Lord had something better in store for him. He helped him to put away those evil thoughts and bind the raft together again. This time, that Strole's fate might not happen to him, he tied himself to the raft. But when he searched for the bag of provisions it was gone. And thus tied to the raft in the awful gloom, on the awful stream, without companion, without food, the poor man launched oncemore. Alas! he was caught in a whirlpool, fiercer and stronger than that which had swallowed Strole. The raft was whirled round and round and round. The thought came to him that he should whirl on there till raft and he sank. "This is the end," he said to himself. He grew dizzy; he fainted.

When he came to himself he glanced upward. The rocks rose nearly a mile

on either side. A red line along the open showed that it was evening. Then the red changed to black, and all was dark. And then and there, in that terrible depth, in that thick darkness, and amid the roaring of the whirling and rushing of waters, the poor man found relief. "I fell on my knees," he told afterward, "and as the raft swept round in the current I asked God to help me. I spoke as if from my very soul, 'Oh, God, if there is a way out of this fearful place, show it to me; take me to it.'" He was still looking up with his hands clasped, when he felt a different movement in the raft, and turning to look at the whirlpool, it was behind, and he was floating down the smoothest current he had yet seen in the canon. Six days more, and he came to a bank where the rocks disappeared and some Indians lived. From them he received food and started once more on his voyage; and three days later he came to Caville and to the homes of white men, where his troubles came to an end.

It was a terrible voyage, the most terrible, perhaps, ever sailed by man; but it had this good for White; it put the thought and faith of God into his heart. When in later days, he told the story to Dr. Bell, who records it in "Across America," his voice grew husky as he described the awful scene in the whirlpool—the appeal to God, and God's loving and helpful reply.—A. McLeod, D.D., in *Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

The Scott Act in Operation.

No one expects that the revolution in a day. No one imagines that the coming into force of the Scott Act means the immediate extermination of drinking and drunkenness. All that is claimed is that the Scott Act will at once materially diminish the terrible evils of intemperance, that it will prevent the acquirement of drinking habits, that it will educate the public conscience, and that it will lead to still better legislation in the not far-off future. All this we claim is being accomplished with a completeness and rapidity that surpasses the anticipations of even the friends of the new measure. The writer of this article has had good opportunities recently of seeing the practical results of the working of the law. In villages that were formerly the scenes of nightly revel and disturbance, the change is fairly startling. Bar-rooms still lie open, but the noisy crowds that used to fill them are no longer seen. The harmless beverages now retained incite no lawlessness or turmoil, and men who formerly spent their evenings in riot and dissipation, may be found taking needed rest or playing with their little ones credit of the cottage door at home. The credit of workingmen is better than it was before, manufacturers and other employers of labour testify to the increased steadiness and working capacity of their employees, police officials give unhesitating evidence as to the marked diminution of crime, and from many a home go up daily songs of thanksgiving for the removal of the terrible crime that was leading loved ones far astray.

CHILDREN, when going to a feast, eat sparingly that they may have a keener relish for the coming dainties; so we, who are going to the feast above, should not dull our appetites with earthly joys.—McCheyne.

LESSON NOTES

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE KING AND PROPHETS.

B.O. 884.] LESSON III. [Oct. 18.

Jehu's FALSE ZEAL.

2 Kings 10. 15-31. *Comment to mem. vs. 28-31.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.—Ps. 1. 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.—Titus 2. 14.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 9. 1-7; Th. 2 Kings 10. 15-36. 11-15.

T. 2 Kings 9. 16-37. F. Jer. 35. 1-19.

W. 2 Kings 10. 1-14. Sa. 2 Kings 23. 1-25. Su. Ps. 1. 1-6.

TIME.—B.C. 884. The commencement of Jehu's reign; 7 years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Samaria and Jezreel, the capitals of Israel.

RULERS.—Jehu, king of Israel, B.C. 884-850. Athaliah, daughter of Ahab, occupying the throne of Judah, B.C. 884-878. Hazael, king of Syria, B.C. 885. Elisha, the prophet, B.C. 896-838.

INTRODUCTION.—Several years pass away since the siege of Samaria. Both kingdoms were under the influence of the Baal worship of Ahab and Jezebel. Jehoram, their son, was king of Israel, and Athaliah, their daughter, was the wife of Jehoram, king of Judah. Time now drew nigh for the extinction of this wicked house.

THE NEW KING, JEHU.—Jehu was the son of Nimshi. He was a general in the army of king Jehoram of Israel. He was a good soldier, brave, of intense energy, and positive character, but selfish, ambitious and cruel. Jehoram was wounded in a battle with the Syrians in Ramoth-Gilead, beyond Jordan, and returned to Jezreel. While at Ramoth-Gilead, Jehu was anointed king of Israel by order of Elisha; and he drove immediately to Jezreel and slew Jehoram, and assumed the government. He ordered the 70 sons of Ahab to be slain at Samaria, and their heads sent to him at Jezreel.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—15. *And when he was departed thence*—Jehu was on his way from Jezreel to Samaria, the capital, and at "the shearing house" on the way he had slain 40 more of Ahab's relatives. He had just seen this place. *Jehonadab the son of Rechab*—See Jer. 35. 6-10. 17. *The saying of the Lord to Elijah*—Sixteen years before (1 Kings 21. 17-19). 21. *The house of Baal was full*—The house was the temple Ahab built at Samaria, with its courts and surrounding rooms. 22. *Vestments*—Garments in which the priests sacrificed to Baal. This would distinguish them from all others. 25. *The city of the house of Baal*—The temple itself as distinguished from its court and porches. 29. *The golden calves*—See 1 Kings 12. 28-33. Les. 2. 3d Quar. 30. *The Lord said*—He commanded the work done, but not the way it was done. Jehu was God's executioner of the criminals who were ruining Israel.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The intervening history.—Jehu's life.—Jehu's character.—Jehonadab, the son of Rechab.—The right and the wrong in the slaughter of Ahab's household and of the servants of Baal.—The good qualities in Jehu's zeal.—The qualities that made it false.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How many years intervene between the events of the last lesson and those of this? What were some of the events which occurred during these years? What two things revealed to Elijah were performed at this time? (1 Kings 19. 15-17.)

SUBJECT: TRUE AND FALSE ZEAL.

I. THE NEW KING—JEHU.—What account can you give of Jehu? (2 Kings 9. 20.) Who anointed him king over Israel? (2 Kings 9. 1-3.) Who was king at this time? Where was he? (8. 28, 29.) Where was Jehu when he was anointed to be king? (9. 4.) What position had he held? (9. 5.) What did he do in order to obtain the kingdom? (2 Kings 9. 11, etc.)

II. FIRST EXHIBITION OF ZEAL—DESTRUCTION OF THE HOUSE OF AHAH (vs. 15-17).—What command had been given to Jehu? (2 Kings 9. 7.) Why was this command given? (1 Kings 21. 23-26.) Is it right to execute

criminals? Why? How did Jehu begin to fulfil this command? (2 Kings 10. 1-14.) Whom did he meet on the way to the capital? Give some account of Jehonadab. (Jer. 35. 6-10.) How did Jehu greet him? Why did he want him with him? What did Jehu do in Samaria? What political motives could he have had in this? What good elements do you find in this zeal of Jehu? What bad elements?

III. SECOND EXHIBITION OF ZEAL—DESTRUCTION OF THE WORSHIPPERS OF BAAL (vs. 18-28).—What reform did Jehu next plan? On what pretence did he assemble the worshippers of Baal? In what place? How did he separate them from all others? How did he destroy them? What was the result of this work of Jehu? What elements of good and what of evil do you find in this exhibition of zeal?

IV. IMPERFECTION OF HIS WORK (vs. 29-31).—In what did Jehu fail? What was the sin of Jeroboam? (1 Kings 12. 26-33). Why did he not remove these sins also? For what was Jehu commended? Does this endorse the way he fulfilled his mission? How was he rewarded? Did he miss the best reward of good deeds? Why? Can we afford to do a good work from bad motives? Will it be rewarded? (Matt. 6. 2.) How?

LESSONS FROM JEHU'S ZEAL.

1. *The good elements in his zeal.* (1) It was good in itself; (2) it did what God commanded; (3) it did good to his country; (4) it was intense; (5) it was effective; (6) it received temporal rewards.2. *The bad elements.* (1) it was selfish; (2) it was boastful; (3) it had wrong motives; (4) it was cruel and treacherous; (5) it was partial, doing only what was advantageous to himself; (6) it was negative—destroying, not building up; (7) it failed of the highest spiritual success and reward.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School in concert.)

12. Jehu was the next king of Israel? *Ans.* Jehu, an energetic, zealous, worldly soldier. 13. What was his first work as king? *Ans.* He destroyed the house of Ahab, and the worshippers of Baal. 14. Why was this done? *Ans.* They were criminals, ruining their country. 15. What were the good elements in Jehu's zeal? (Repeat 1. above.) 16. What were the bad elements in his zeal? (Repeat 2. above.)

B.C. 856.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 25.

THE TEMPLE REPAIRED.

2 Kings 12. 1-15. *Comment to mem. vs. 9-11.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.—Ps. 122. 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should labour and give for the upbuilding of the Church of God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 11. 1-21. Th. 2 Chron. 23. 1-27.

T. 2 Kings 12. 1-21. F. 2 Chron. 24. 1-27.

W. 2 Chron. 22. 1-12. Sa. Ps. 84. 1-12.

Su. Ps. 122. 1-9.

TIME.—The repairs on the temple were made B.C. 856, in the 23rd year of Joash, king of Judah. It was about the time of Jehu's death, 28 years after our last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in the kingdom of Judah.

RULERS.—Joash, king of Judah, B.C. 856-841. Jehoahaz, king of Israel, B.C. 885-839. Jehoahaz, king of Syria, B.C. 885-839. The prophet Elisha still living.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—2 Kings 11; 2 Chron. 22. 23.

CORRESPONDING HISTORY.—2 Chron. 24. 1-27.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—We now turn to the kingdom of Judah. While Jehu was making the reforms in Israel we studied in our last lesson, Athaliah, the daughter of Ahab and mother of Ahaziah, the king of Judah, slain by Jehu, usurped the throne of Judah. She attempted to kill all the children of her son Ahaziah. But one, a babe named Joash, was rescued by his aunt, the wife of Jehoiada, the high priest, and hidden for six years. Then queen Athaliah was slain, and Joash, only seven years old, was made king, with Jehoiada to act in his name.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Jehoash*—Usually shortened to Joash. He was the eighth king of Judah, the youngest son of Ahaziah. He reigned 40 years. The firsthalf of his reign, under the influence of Jehoiada, was good, and included the great reformation described in this lesson. After Jehoiada's death he fell into evil ways. 3. *High places*—Hill tops and ovens, where God was worshipped, but in an unlawful manner, and one liable to evil. (Lev. 26. 30; Dent. 33. 29.) 4. *Money of the dedicated things*—i.e., Money dedicated to God. There were three kinds. (1) *That passeth the account*—Or census; a poll tax. (Ex. 30. 13) (2) *Every man is set at*—Or valued at; paid by those who had made vows; a sum dependent on age, sex, and property. (Lev. 27. 28.) (3) *Any man's heart to bring*—Voluntary gifts. 5. *Let the priests take it*—They were to take this money, as well as what was given for their support, and out of their income make the repairs. 6. *Had not repaired*—(1) They were neglectful. (2) There was no money left after they had their own support. 8. *Receive no more money*—Of that given for repairs. Another plan was now adopted. 10. *Told the money*—Kept an account of it.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Intervening history.—Joash preserved from Athaliah.—Joash asking.—Jehoiada.—High places.—The need of temple repairs.—The first plan; the second plan.—Contributions in church.—Rejoicing in giving to the Lord.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—To what kingdom do we now turn? At what date? How long after the last lesson? Who were the rulers in the two kingdoms?

SUBJECT: REPAIRING THE HOUSE OF GOD.

I. THE REIGN OF JOASH (vs. 1-3).—Who were the father and mother of Joash? (2 Kings 11. 2; 12. 1.) What narrow escape from death did he have in his childhood? (12. 2.) Who brought him up? (2 Chron. 22. 10-12.) How old was he when he began to reign? (11. 21.) How long did he reign? Who was his chief guide the first half of his reign? What was his character during this period? (2 Chron. 24. 2.) In what did he fail during this time? What were the high places? What change came over him after Jehoiada's death? (2 Chron. 24. 17-19.) What did he do with the temple treasures he had worked so hard to collect? (2 Kings 12. 18.) What crime did he commit? (2 Chron. 24. 23-25.) What lessons can you learn from the life of Joash?

II. THE NEED.—How long had the temple been built? (It was built B.C. 1005.) Would its age cause it to need repairs? How had it lost some of its treasures? (2 Chron. 16. 1-3.) What had queen Athaliah done to it? (2 Chron. 24. 7.) Is there any need of improvement or repair in your church and Sunday-school spirit? Is there any need of repairing God's spiritual temple where you live? Will religion prosper where the house of God is neglected?

III. DILATORY WORK (vs. 4-8).—What was Joash's first plan for repairing the temple? What three kinds of revenue were devoted to this work? (v. 4; see also Ex. 30. 13; Lev. 27. 2-8.) How were the priests usually supported? (Lev. 5. 15-18; 2 Kings 12. 16.) Why would these revenues be likely to be small under the circumstances? What was the result of this plan? (2 Chron. 24. 5.) Why did the priests take so little interest in the work? Can any good work succeed when people take little interest in it?

IV. A NEW AND SUCCESSFUL PLAN OF WORK (vs. 9-15).—What new plan did the king adopt? (See also 2 Chron. 24. 8-11.) Was this the first contribution-box? Where was it placed? Did the people take hold of this plan more zealously? (2 Chron. 24. 10.) Did the people give largely because they rejoiced, or rejoice because they gave largely? How successful was this plan? (2 Chron. 24. 11.) What was done with the surplus money? (2 Chron. 24. 14.) Should there be a contribution box in every church? When should we begin to give to the Lord? Should we earn ourselves what we give? Will true giving lead us to rejoice? Why?

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole school in concert.)

17. What had become of the temple at Jerusalem? *Ans.* The temple and its services had been allowed to go to decay, and its treasures had been taken away. 18. Who repaired it? *Ans.* Joash, the king of Judah. 19. What was his plan? *Ans.* He placed a great contribution-box in the temple. 20. What was the result? *Ans.* The people gave gladly and largely, the temple was repaired, and religion was revived.SUNDAY SCHOOL
REWARD BOOKS.

Neatly Bound in Cloth and Illustrated.

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTATION
VOLUMES.

Price 50 Cents Each.

(Continued from our last Number.)

Book of Ages. The Favourite Hymn by Augustus Montague Toplady. With Sixteen Illustrations; and a Memorial Sketch of the Author by H. L. L.

Jesus, Lover of my Soul. The Favourite Hymn by Charles Wesley. With Illustrations, and a Memorial Sketch of the Author by H. L. L.

The Lord's Prayer. With Illustrations.

Price 50 Cents Each.

Stories of the Cat and her Cousins the Lion, the Tiger, and the Leopard. By Mrs. Hugh Miller. With numerous Engravings. Royal 18mo.

Stories of the Dog and his Cousins the Wolf, the Jackal, and the Hyæna. By Mrs. Hugh Miller. With numerous Engravings. Royal 18mo.

The Story of a Happy Little Girl. By the Author of "Isabel's Secret." With Frontispiece. Royal 18mo.

The Story of a Needle. By A. L. O. E. Illustrated. Royal 18mo.

Susy's Flowers; or, "Blessed are the Merciful, for they shall Obtain Mercy." By the Author of "Hope On," &c. With Coloured Frontispiece and Vignette, and numerous Engravings. Royal 18mo.

The Swedish Twins. A Tale for the Young. By the Author of "The Babes in the Basket." With Coloured Frontispiece. Royal 18mo.

Sweetest when Crushed; or, The Blessing of Trials when rightly Borne. A Tale for the Young. By Agnes Veitch. Royal 18mo.

Talks with Uncle Richard about Wild Animals. By Mrs. George Cupples. With numerous Engravings. Royal 18mo.

Tom Tracy; or, Whose is the Victory? With Coloured Frontispiece and Vignette. Royal 18mo.

Truth is Always Best; or, "A Fault Confessed is Half Redressed." By Mary and Elizabeth Kirby. With Coloured Frontispiece and Seventeen Engravings. Royal 18mo.

Under the Microscope; or, "Thou Shalt Call Me my Father." By the Author of "Village Missionaries." With Coloured Frontispiece and Seventeen Engravings. Royal 18mo.

Working in the Shade; or, Little Sowing Brings Glorious Reaping. By the Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A., Author of "True to his Colours," &c. Royal 18mo.

The Young Crusoe. By Mrs. Hofland. With Fourteen Engravings. Royal 18mo.

Price 50 Cents Each.

Home Amid the Snow; or, Warm Hearts in Cold Regions. By Captain Charles Ed. R.N. Illustrated. Royal 18mo.

King Jack of Haylands. With Coloured Frontispiece and Vignette and numerous Engravings. Royal 18mo.

Little Aggie's Fresh Snowdrops, and what they did in One Day. With Coloured Frontispiece and Eighteen Engravings. Royal 18mo.

Mamma's Stories about Domestic Pets. By Mrs. George Cupples. With numerous Engravings. Royal 18mo.

May's Sixpence; or, Waste Not, Want Not. A Tale. By M. A. Paul, Author of "Tim's Troubles," &c. Royal 18mo.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

73 & 80 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.